

# GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. IX.

[J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER;  
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## CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought: Selections: Where Are our Friends who have Passed Over? by W. J. Colville.

SECOND PAGE.—"Thoughts Upon the Great Delusion," by Jane Merrill Mitchell; Advertisements, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—From the Sun Angels' Order of Light: Methodist Mendacity and Hypocrisy: Who Will Thank You? The Soul; Professional Cards, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorial) Editorial Fragments: She Takes It all Back! Mr. Colville's Work; Bear for the Benefit of the Elmers Free Library; Do Not Know; Why do They So Impudent; Editorial Notes; St. Andrew's Hall; etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—Earth Burials Death; Gleams from the Progressive Lyceum; Progressive Spiritualists; St. George's Hall; Fraternity Hall; Oakland; The Cause in San Jose; Summerland Notes; She Did It For Coin: A Great Convenience; Professional Cards; Publications.

SIXTH PAGE.—Where are our Friends who have Passed Over?—continued: Publications, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—One Thing and Another; A Secular Journal—"Broad Enough for Truth"; The Sermon on the Mount; by Hud on Tuttle; Advertisements, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) "The City" "Many Thee Stars; An Invocation; The Prodigal Daughter; My Love and I; Over Their Graves; Advertisements.

## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Revenge is only the pleasure of a little, weak and narrow mind.—Juvenal.

He who gives himself airs of importance exhibits the credentials of impotence.—Lavater.

Understand that every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself.

Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whit soft, white hands.

—Lowell.

There are some who seem to have no appetite for mirth; others appear to have no relish for anything else.

We would be healthier if we admitted more sunlight to our homes, as everything requires sunshine to prosper.

Would you share the wondrous beauty  
Of the golden age benign? Then  
Be faithful to each duty  
And its glorious mission.

Join the earnest workers' chorus;

Bravely meeting sneer and frown,

Haste the good time that's before us

And its light shall be thy crown.

—Emma Train, in *National View*.

Truth is stronger than error, righteousness is stronger than evil, life is stronger than death.—Phillips Brooks.

Life to most people is a fatiguing journey, and it is a comfort to know that at the worst it is but a short one.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without it himself.—Becher.

A clear conscience can rest easy on a bed of granite, while an evil one would be uneasy on a bed of swindlers.

Who bides his time—she tastes the sweet  
Of honey in the saltest tear;

And though he fares with slowest feet,  
Joy—was his thinking drawing near;

The gods are heralds of his cause;

And like a never-ending rhyme,

The roadside bloom in his applause,

Who bides his time.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

We are disturbed on viewing the vices of others, but are inclined to look at our own faults with serene tranquility.

Benefits oblige, and obligation is thrall-dom, and unrequited obligation perpetual thrall-dom, which is hateful.—Hobbs.

The sun never seems so bright, the song of the birds never seems so sweet, as after the storm has passed and the raindrops glisten on every leaf and blade of grass.—

Be moderate in your pleasures, that your relish for them may continue. Always to indulge our appetites is to extinguish them.

Many a flower is crushed beneath the feet of the wayfarer. Nature, rich and inexhaustible, replaces them with usurp. Imitate nature.—Carmen Sylvestri.

Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

If you were willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you would have the happiest home in the world.

## Selections.

### EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

To continue my selections from the admirable work of Thos. R. Hazzard as I find them:

"Dr. Ramage, a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, in London, the highest medical authority known to the British schools, says: 'It cannot be denied that the present system of medicine is a burning reproach to its professors, if, indeed, a series of vague and uncertain incongruities deserve to be called by that name.'

"Three cheers," says Mr. Hazzard, "for honest Dr. Ramage, whose love of truth so compels him to expose the malpractice of his professional brethren in burning words, which for that reason alone would lose their force if pronounced by outside contemners of the murderous practices of the Faculty."

In one of his lectures, Prof. Campbell, a physician-in-chief, said, "Nature, nature cures disease, gentlemen. Never forget that. When you get into practice and begin to prescribe largely, you will begin to overlook that fact and think you, yourselves and your medicines, cure. As soon as you do that, you begin to kill."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! The American Eagle ahead of both the *Scotch Thistle* and the *English Lion*, as it ever should be!"

Three times three, and *encore* for Campbell, for thus hitting the medical nail so telling a blow plump on its head.

Only think of it! the moment the Doctor begins to give his medicines, that moment he begins to kill.

"Could you only see, as I have seen," says Dr. Dixon to his students, "the farce of a medical consultation, I think you would agree with me that the impersonation of *physic*, like the picture of Garrick, might be best painted with economy on one side and tragedy on the other."

An honest Quaker of the profession, who being very ill, had three doctors to attend him; Dr. Abernethy, Dr. Blundell, and a physician whose name I forgot. Each had his own notion of the disease. The last mentioned having put a stethoscope to the chest, at once declared "my heart" to be the seat of the disease. Dr. Abernethy, on the contrary, muttered something about the "stomach and digestive organs," while Dr. Blundell in the true spirit of a man midwife, declared that the patient was only hysterical.

Now, the patient, tho' a Quaker, was a humorist, so he ordered in his will, that when his body should be opened after his death, his *digestive organs* should be presented to Dr. Abernethy, his heart to the stethoscope physician, and to Dr. Blundell, his womb, if he could find one. Satirical Quaker, that!

What think you, my thoughtful readers? Do you believe these men of the highest authority did not know the evil consequences of their system of old school practice, or as if to atone for the wrongs they had done, felt that they must confess to the world before their departure from earth.

"The doctors must live," but let them abandon their unholly profession and get their living by honest industry, so essential to true and healthy life, and not live on the misfortunes of the ignorant and careless ones. Let these pretenders of knowledge, triflers with life, teach the laws of nature in the use of its grand agents, sun rays, water, exercise and proper diet. Health is wealth, and to secure it is the first step to greatness.

Let them teach reform in the dispute of the fashionable use of all these agents, and one of the first rules to be urged should be that that relates to the circulation of the blood, discarding entirely the lacing up of the body in abnormal disfigurement, making the waist wasp-like, causing a lapping of the ribs, stopping the free circulation, squeezing into a small space the intestines, all so contrary to design, and giving the freedom of the body. Besides the deforming of the body by the artificial protuberance in rear of the most symmetrical finish of the female form is shocking to behold; and why do the doctors give no advice on these matters?

Dr. Isaac Jennings, who died at Oberlin, Ohio, in 1870, after practicing in the old school of medicine for many years in

Connecticut became convinced of the ill and death-producing effects of medicine, abandoned his course, and took to the practice of giving no medicine and only gave bread pills and colored water, recommending hygienic remedies. He had discovered that the physical system in accordance with nature's laws always tends to health that all action of nature's forces is "right action"—that nature knows nothing of *wrong action* to be combated by medicines, especially not by poisons, and that all persons are in every case, deleterious to the human system. This great truth he claimed by actual experiment in a great number of cases to have demonstrated.

Continuing this experiment through a period of ten years, not even apprising his patient of the fact that no medicine of any kind was used, his patients nearly all recovered, and his fame spread over the whole region, and he gained the main practice in three or four contiguous towns. Although, prompted by conscience and good will to men, he came out boldly and told the people the discovery, that medicines did not heal the sick. Being about to remove from the State, the people did not want to lose their favorite doctor and, hired him to stay a year or two until he left for Oberlin, and there had a good success with his system which he called "Orthopathy," from the Greek *Orthos*, correct, the title chosen for the purpose of affirming the correctness of nature's action in disease.

The world is given to deception and the world has been cheated into the belief that medicine is a science. The doctor must be sent for or the person won't die respectfully. The man with his saddlebags comes, feels of the patient's pulse, and must give medicine, with his grave face of hypocrisy, and if he can prolong life by tampering with nature a few days, so much the better for his bread and butter; but worse for the sorrowing friends, and when the funeral comes, and the man or dead friend was orthodox, and died in fashion, a priest must give a sermon, always cunningly sympathizing with the mourners, and the undertaker being employed, his charges are made according to the ability of the friends to pay.

But when the doctor's bill is called for it is "higher than he thought," the priest was so full of pathos and extolled the noble deeds of the friend so high, the sum must be likewise thirty dollars to suit his feelings, but the undertaker, is so exorbitant that it often takes years to pay off the score. The friends, mourners, before the debt is settled have come to the conclusion that the "orthodox fashion of dying of the doctor" and having a mounted silver casket of fifty dollars or more, (a friend of mine in this place died and his wife sent and got the premium casket at the World's Exhibition; cost \$300,) and display of horses and carriages in the street is not so wise after all.

So much for "dying of the doctor," and as much for a fashionable funeral.

Truly and fraternally,  
RILEY M. ADAMS,  
VINELAND, N. J., Nov. 8, 1889.

LIFE AND DEATH BOTH IN AND OUT OF THE BODY.—The death of the human body is only giving up the exterior part of our body, and giving expansion to the interior, or soul principle; and this is not often comprehended to the real extent. Men seem to have an idea that spiritual life can not be commenced on earth, and there is no reason why it should not; and when it is not, men may be considered to be living in a sort of embryo state, and one of uncertainty concerning anything spiritual. This is only to be compared to a spiritual death, which is really the condition it is; and in reality while it exists men cannot be completely happy. They go about to obtain what their spirits need, but do not seem able to find it, and until the spiritual nature of man finds food, that part of his being is in a state of death, and consequently can find no happiness reflecting upon the after-condition of his being. The future always intrudes itself upon our quiet moments, and unless we are preparing for it, the present loses its hold on our affections. Now the power of thoroughly enjoying both life temporal and spiritual is given to us by our Father, and only when both are used can we be happy.—*Review Franco-Anglaise*.

An untruthful man is taking his first lessons in learning the language that fills the vocabulary of crimes.

## WHERE ARE OUR FRIENDS WHO HAVE PASSED OVER?

Inspirational Address, Delivered by W. J. Colville, at Albina Hall, Portland, Oregon, Sunday, November 3, 1889.

[On the occasion of the interment of the earthly remains of Mrs. Hackert, for many years resident of the above place, who passed from the mortal form November 1, aged 62 years.]

### INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit of Life, in Thee we know ourselves alive forevermore, we praise Thee, and in Thy shadows as well as 'mid the brightness of this earthly state for our consciousness of spiritual being, the certitude of our immortal life.

Not with tears, but with sweet, sobered amens of rejoicing, may all assembled here, or anywhere, to commit the earthly outward garment of a friend beloved to the dust whence it proceeded, perform their service to the living (mortal) and the dead, by the love and tenderness of the spiritual state, which alone is real and abiding, by treading in the pathways of loving kindness, tender wisdom, haloed by the touch of ascended heroes, who now as ministering angels are bending over the dear objects of their affection, who must yet undergo longer encounter temporal discipline ere they too shall drop the earthly shuttle in the dust and undertake the fabric of their immortal condition beyond the veil of life.

May those who are mourning an earthly loss be richly blessed with an assurance of spiritual gain. May those who are mourning an earthly loss be richly blessed with an assurance of spiritual gain. May those who are mourning an earthly loss be richly blessed with an assurance of spiritual gain. May those who are mourning an earthly loss be richly blessed with an assurance of spiritual gain.

But the all the bereavements which appear to make the true life of spirit shine forth the more resplendently until the last sigh over fleshly dissolution shall have melted into a paean of rejoicing because of the victory over life overjoying over some life, however darkened and peace over another.

As from out this home sanctuary of true affection a dearly beloved mother, sister and friend, has seemingly departed, may the eyes of the family and friends be all opened to behold something of the lustre and the bliss of the higher consciousness of life which has already dawned so graciously on her. May the influence of her kindred, the fragrance of her love, the memory of her as the patterning fragrance of a faded flower, nor as the haunting memory of a song that has been told, nor as the haunting memory of a song that has been heard; but into the otherwise stillness, silence and loneliness of this household may the well-known voice break forth in tones richer and even tenderer than of yore, and in place of a feeble, wan body, yielding to decay and shuddering, a strong, healthy, life-giving body, yielding to decay and shuddering.

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Unto Thee the Infinite Parent of all Life, Father and Mother Eternal, we will render perpetual praise by acknowledging Thee and Thy boundless goodness in all our thoughts, words and works; attributing all things to Thy perfect will and learning to trace Thee in the shadow as in the sunlight, may we eat the bread and drink the water of life do voice in feeble tones of mortal speech our aspiration. The spirit of the world is in Thee, and the spirit of the universe is in Thee and returns to Thee in the instant it passes away.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

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and W. J. Colville's books.

### TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps.

J. J. OWEN, Manager.

### EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The young woman of eighteen and young man of twenty-one who haven't yet found out what they are here for, have missed their reckoning in some way and got into the world by mistake. This is no world for unsettled people—for people who do not know exactly what ails them, or what was intended in their coming here. The man who waits for circumstances to adjust themselves to his convenience stands a poor show in the competitive struggle with the one who makes his own circumstances, and adjusts himself thereto, seizing the opportunity, as it were, before it is born.

That Spiritualism is unpopular among people not familiar with its higher truths and teachings is not at all surprising. With the exception of the grand old *Banner of Light*, which always sees the good side of everything, there is scarcely a Spiritual journal reaches this office that does not contain more or less wrangling, and personal abuse of somebody. This is not the way to build up our beautiful Cause. Until a man is strong enough in his spiritual nature to suffer abuse and wrong without retaliating in kind; until the God within him is sufficiently developed to enable him to return kindness for unkindness, a kiss for a blow, he is not fit to edit a spiritual journal. How few are there who come up to this standard.

We would not be understood as intimating that the editor of the GOLDEN GATE has reached the exalted position requisite for the best editorial work; but he humbly thinks he is traveling in that direction. At any rate, he is thoroughly satisfied that there is only one way whereby man can be led to the truth—only one way to overcome the evil in human lives, and bring men into harmony with the Divine Life—and that is by the flower-strewn pathway of love. Nor abuse, nor ridicule, nor unkind thoughts, will accomplish this. "As ye sow so also shall ye reap." If you would make an undeveloped man hate you, treat him unkindly; if you would make a religious bigot despise your religion; if you would make the world skeptical of your facts as Spiritualists, and wish not to know you, throw mud at each other, and bedaub your own spirits with the slime of uncharitable thoughts.

The crude exhibitions of undeveloped mediumship are a great obstacle to the advancement of the Cause of Spiritualism. Mediumistic persons are often thrust before the public before the influences controlling them have been properly trained or disciplined to produce satisfactory results, and their exhibitions, if not disgusting to skeptics, are well calculated to repel them from further investigation. And herein we recognize the necessity for schools of mediumship and psychic study, wherein mediums may be fitted and developed for public work. The time will come when some sort of competent recognition, or endorsement, will be necessary for all public mediums,—not to entitle them to practice their spiritual gifts, for that right comes from a higher than mortal Board or Faculty, but as an assurance to the world that they are what they claim to be—true and worthy instruments of the spirit world.

Infinite heights of being! Beyond, above all thought of time or comprehension of soul encased in matter! Whence and whither? onward and upward forever, through such sweeps of space and time as stagger thought and hold in suspense the breath of infinite being. What is the momentary sense of earth life compared with the illimitable beyond? A heart-beat to the life of the sun—a moment to an eternity of ages. And yet we live here as though this were the all of being—as though our physical needs were to last forever, and the heaps of rubbish we take together were to benefit us in some way when our mortal bodies themselves become rubbish. Why not strike out for something higher and better in this life by making each moment a prophecy of the higher life to come.

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What are the dearest spots in one's memory, around which one most delights to linger? Are they not those occasions when some loving thought found expression, or some noble and generous action was done? Do we ever cherish the recollection of our meanness—the things we would gladly forget? In some moment of anger, or thoughtlessness, who is there that has not said or done something he would gladly recall? And how such things will rankle in a sensitive memory, sometimes all through life. An unkind act will place a thorn in the pillow, which only sincere penitence and long suffering can remove. What though one may have suffered from kindness unworthily bestowed, the virtue is in the act, not in the abuse of it. If the memory of good deeds always brings happiness, and of evil deeds unhappiness, are we not cruel to ourselves whenever we indulge in the performance of the latter?

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It is only when one's spirit soars above the material plane and into the realm of soul, that he really learns to live. It is then one comes to a recognition of the fact that the things of earth—waste, fame, the pursuits of trade, and all that pertains to earthly affairs—are not the all of life; that in fact, there are spiritual delights infinitely above those of the physical senses, to which the mere worldling is a stranger. It may be thought by some that such spiritual unfoldment or exaltation would unfit one for the necessities and duties of life on the earth plane. On the other hand, it especially prepares and qualifies one for the true work of life in its better and higher sense. It makes one reasonable in his wants and desires, and takes out of his nature that narrow selfishness that would exalt one's self at the expense of the rights and needs of his fellow men. Instead of derogating from his usefulness as a citizen, it enables him and crowns his citizenship with the glory of an exalted manhood.

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It doesn't pay to thrust our facts upon the attention of people not ready to receive them. We only get ourselves suspected of fancy, and accomplish no good. There is a proper time and place for all things. Wait till the heart grows tender from some great sorrow—till death has taken away some loved one—then they will listen to you, and you can tell them of the priceless love of the angels; that death is but a change of conditions, and that the way has been opened for communion with the precious one whose body they have laid away in the grave. No one who has never had this experience can realize the wonderful joy that the knowledge of spirit communion brings to the stricken heart. Hope and faith in the promises of Christianity—even the firm belief in a resurrection to life everlasting, and a home in the fabled heaven of the Church, brings no comfort like this—the positive knowledge that your dear ones lives, and comes to gladen your heart with that knowledge.

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A message written between slates, locked and sealed—the slates prepared by one's self and not for a moment out of one's hands or sight, ought to be conclusive evidence to any fair mind of the existence of an independent intelligent, though unseen, power, capable of communicating with mortals. This evidence has come to thousands through our mediums for this phase of spirit manifestation, and may be witnessed by any reasonable person in this city, who will take the trouble to investigate. When this message comes in the familiar hand-writing of some loved one who has passed to the other shore, and also bears internal evidence of its genuineness, what sense is there in attributing it to anything else than what it purports to be? "I am your mother, and I come to prove to you that I still live and love you," appears written between slates held in the hands of the son, in that mother's familiar hand, with her name in full, that the medium never knew. "Go away from me; you are the Devil," says our Adventist friend; "my mother is sleeping in the grave waiting for the resurrection!" This is a funny world.

A subscriber at Utica, Pa., writes, enclosing \$5 for ten trial subscribers: "I like very much the GOLDEN GATE, especially your 'Editorial Fragments.' May good angels keep you in the physical harness for long to come, and inspire you to continue faithful and true."

The first of the regular courses of twelve lectures announced on the circulars, was given yes-

### SHE TAKES IT ALL BACK.

To the Spiritualist, familiar with the manifestations of psychic power, it matters little now what Maggie Fox might say for or against the facts of Spiritualism. Hence the retraction of her confession, an account of which we elsewhere copy from the press dispatches, will have but little weight.

It out turns just as we surmised at the time, that the poor woman, with mind shattered from strong drink, sick and in want, became an easy victim to certain designing persons, who sought to crush out Spiritualism, and at the same time speculate on the excitement that they hoped would follow her confession. She now makes a strong denial of all her statements, and affirms her faith in Spiritualism.

If the poor woman, with kind care and treatment, could now be induced to abstain from all intoxicants, she might yet rise to the level of an honorable womanhood. Her punishment has not doubt been great, and it is sincerely to be hoped that she will profit by the lesson. The Spiritualists of the world should send out to her their kindest thoughts to strengthen her in her good resolutions.

### MR. COLVILLE'S WORK.

On Sunday last Nov. 17th, W. J. Colville commenced his regular Sunday work, in College Hall, 106 McAllister street, at 10:45 A. M. The platform was profusely decorated with several choice varieties of chrysanthemums, the music was very good and the general atmosphere representative of good feeling. The large audience was a very appreciative one. The lecture was prefaced by a beautiful invocation, and followed by a fine improvised poem on "The true spiritual Gospel." The sentiments expressed were in full accord with those presented in the last issue of the GOLDEN GATE both in editorials and criticisms. The lecturer refuted the sophistries of atheism and declared that not a day passed but gave some fresh evidence in favor of a spiritual theory of the universe. Evolution confirms the true gospel which is good news and glad tidings for all people, and as such can never be restricted to a record of any events confined to spiritual place and time. As the spiritual gospel is revealed to the prophets of this new dispensation of truth it dismisses all unworthy thoughts of God, and gloomy views of the hereafter; at the same time it can palliate no offence against conscience, or palliate any error. All can be healthy and happy here and hereafter, but only in proportion as they learn to lovingly obey the all-wise law of universal love.

In the evening at 7:30 there was again an excellent attendance; "Facing the Sphinx," was the topic of the lecture which greatly pleased the author and all friends of the valuable book bearing that title noticed in last issue of GOLDEN GATE. The symbols and beliefs of the Egyptians, and their influence on Christianity is always an interesting theme.

Such writers as Gerald Massey, have done much to explain the astronomical references, but it need some more penetrative teachers than any who have yet written extensively on these questions to get back of the zodiacal myths and touch the bed rock of spiritual meaning far beneath.

As some persons always speak scoffingly of antiquities, it would be well for such to learn something of the remote civilization of mankind, to which science is duly bearing testimony, and learning somewhat of the wisdom of the past learn to crack the nuts in bibles and then throw away the shells after discovering the kernels. The great vice of so called radicalism is that it is ridiculously superficial and dismisses with a sneer, what contains essential truth valuable to all humanity; nevertheless the time has come for a great overhauling of the treasures received from past ages, as rubbish as well as gold has been preserved in popular traditions. The chief merits of the many works treating on symbolism, etc., from an ethical standpoint is that they tend to proclaim the universality of truth and thus break down the superstitions of partisans.

Mrs. Farrington has done a good and useful work in writing and publishing "Facing the Sphinx," which contains so many interesting allusions to great events, and extracts from brilliant writers that is almost impossible to review the whole in one lecture.

On Monday Nov. 18th, W. J. Colville's public class for instruction in Spiritual Science, opened at 2:30 P. M. An interesting lesson was given in answer to questions.

**BAZAR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ELSMERE FREE KINDERGARTEN.**—A bazaar for the purpose of procuring funds for the purchase of Christmas presents for the children of the Elsmere Free Kindergarten, will be held at the residence of Mrs. J. B. Rider, 2513 Folsom street, Saturday evening, December 7th. A number of beautiful and tasty articles will be on exhibition and for sale, including many suitable for holiday gifts. They will be disposed of at very reasonable prices—at lower rates than they can be bought for in the stores of the city. Donations of additional articles for the bazaar will be thankfully received; and persons desirous of aiding the good work being done by the Ladies' Elsmere Club, by making donations of suitable articles to the bazaar, can leave them with the Secretary, Miss Lillie Hill, 117 Leavenworth street, or with any of the ladies of the club. A literary and musical program of more than usual excellence has been prepared for the occasion. Among those taking part will be the ever-popular humorist, Dr. Thos. L. Hill. Refreshments will also be liberally provided for all in attendance. As quite a large sum is needed to procure suitable gifts for all the children of the school, it is hoped the donations to the bazaar will be numerous, and the attendance thereupon overflowing; and also that the sales of the lovely articles that will be on exhibition will be speedy, lively and exhaustive.

The first of the regular courses of twelve lectures announced on the circulars, was given yes-

terday (Nov. 22d). The lessons will continue every Monday and Friday at 2:30 P. M., till further notice. On Sunday next, Nov. 24, at 10:45 A. M., W. J. Colville's subject will be, "The True Spiritual Gospel—its theory of miracles;" 7:30 P. M., "Where and what is the human soul, is it in the corpus callosum?" All seats free. Collections to defray expenses.

### DO NOT KNOW.

It seems to us that some people calling themselves Spiritualists are quite as much in the dark regarding the province of the disembodied, as are those who refuse the New Light, believing it but the illumination of burning brimstone. We refer to those individuals, who in their zeal and determination to make Spiritualism practical, would have the other world turn detective and give its special attention to the discovery of criminals. Now, one of the teachings of our philosophy is that *all* taking of life is a crime, whether under sanction of our laws, or by the midnight assassin. If one's offense does not call for his life in expiation, our places of detention called *reformatory*, are such labyrinths upon the name, that a term of years, long or short, is but a school and graduation in depravity—a confirmation of all evil tendencies they are supposed to correct. Spirits that take an interest in the affairs of this world know; some of them also are doubles witnesses of crimes, but whether these witnesses have ever communicated with mortals from their side of life may not be known; and to prove the identity of a spirit who might name the author of some crime, would be something quite as difficult as *as*.

In proportion to the vast multitude of invisible souls, probably as many are interested in mundane events, as is a corresponding number of mortals in the affairs of other lands, which is not great in either case. Those best informed do not mingle with the public throng on our streets; neither do the more intelligent and wise spirits mingle with the myriads of disembodied souls that live and move in the earth's atmosphere and to whom all queries regarding the whereabouts of hunted criminals are unwillingly put, and who are no more capable of correctly answering such questions, than are the gamins on our streets. There are but two instances of crime being revealed by spirits: one is by the victim's own self, and the other to save the life of an innocent person.

### WHY DO THEY SO?

In this age people think they have gone a great way and learned much, and so they have, and for this very reason they have much more to learn. There are heights and depths of knowledge, between which is the superficial realm in which the few favored of Fortune, and those not so favored, live, the one class in happy indifference, the other in wretched solicitude and fearful apprehension. The latter are awake in every fiber, but may not obtrude themselves upon the outer world, whose senses are drowsy with luxury and refined indolence. Society men and women have great opportunities, for what society inauguates the world sanctions and adopts; and society people are never deemed eccentric, only original.

A contemplation of the fashionable world must suggest to the thoughtful mind a line of thought similar to that lately expressed by Bishop Huntington, who says:

"It is not a little too bad, in a time when there is so much fact to be learned, so much work to be done, and done better than it is, so much wrong to be righted, so many burdens waiting to be eased, so many noble enterprises to set forward, that ladies and gentlemen of faculty and information should array themselves sumptuously and go to meet each other again and again, and for what? to look at a spectacle that is without significance and heat sounds without sense; to see untrained manners and hear commonplace speech; to exchange greetings with the dearest friends only on a crowded staircase, as the two processions up and down meet and pass."

"To eat and drink what could be eaten and drunk with far more comfort and safer digestion at home; to say what one only half feels to persons whom one does not half like, on a subject that one does not half understand; to pick a way between difficulty and falsehood; or wade through a muddy mixture of both; to cover digest with a smile, inward protest with outward ascent."

Why, oh! why, will rational beings thus belittle and dwarf their souls and squander Earth's golden hours?

### IMPUTATIONS.

Dr. Northup shows that the imputed guilt of Adam cannot make men sinners; to which the Christian Register adds: "There is another point equally true, that the imputed righteousness of Christ cannot make them saints." We will add that imputation makes *nothing* true or false.

The world is accustomed to call those saints or sinners who comply or differ with what is popularly termed religion; it does not yet permit one to find religion outside of creeds nor to enter Paradise without priestly mediation. It assumes, this religion, to know all about Heaven and Hell; it makes these localities bounded by so many cubic feet, capacitated to accommodate a limited number, yet damns those so unfortunate as not to find a place within the former's precious walls. Hell is more capacious, as would naturally be supposed, since so few can get into this place. Room is hopeful: wherever there is a field to move and work in, there will good be done; and whether the workers be one or many, the result will be the same in the end. When the imputed righteousness and imputed sin comes into use in those repeated conflicting spheres, we doubt not there will be a passage opened between them through which souls will pass each other who find themselves assigned to the wrong place; find that imputed righteousness, and imputed sense does not affect the mouth of the state within each human breast; that so-called Hell within each human breast is a good place for growth to angelhood. When this world becomes wise and tolerant enough to be modest, it will cease imputations regarding the fitness of souls for future condition, leaving the unknown to the unknown, whose power and grace works in all lives to all good through all conditions.

November 23, 1889.

### EDITORIAL NOTES.

—C. P. L.—Will notice your beautiful songs next week.

—Mrs. J. J. Whitney will not move into her new rooms on Kearney street until the first of December.

—Dr. D. P. Kaynor, of Chicago, one of the old workers in the field, dropped in upon us last Monday, on his way to Southern California.

—We shall publish in our next issue a small diagram of Mr. Williams' Ortega Rancho, as mapped out into small fruit farms, adjacent to Summerland.

—On Thanksgiving Day, at 7:45 P. M., Thursday, November 28th, there will be a grand musical service, with special lecture by W. J. Colville in College Hall, 106 McAllister street,

—Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 28th, W. J. Colville will conduct a special service, at 2:45 P. M., in Blanding Hall, Webb Avenue, Alameda. Everybody invited.

—Our printers and proof reader have had a awful struggle with the Scotch poems on our eighth page. The author may congratulate herself that we have not made a worse job of it than did.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans entertained a number of friends at their new and pretty home, 424 1/2 Haight street, on Thursday evening, 11 A. M. It was a sort of house-warming or return sociable, and was highly enjoyed by all present.

—Dr. Robbins, 317 Stockton street, is warmly indorsed by James G. Clark, as a remarkable healer and scientific electrician. Mr. Clark was threatened with congestion of the lungs, and one treatment by Dr. Robbins made him good as new.

—A Colusa subscriber, writing to renew his own and daughter's subscription for another year, kindly says: "We can't get along without the GOLDEN GATE. God bless the GOLDEN GATE" and all those who are connected with the office."

—The Morning Times, of Oakland, is one of the few papers that treats Spiritualism with the same degree of respect that it does other sins, religious or otherwise. Its report of Nickless' lecture at Grand Army Hall, last Sunday, and we may add, its reports generally of Spiritual meetings, are all that any Spiritualist could desire. The Times is a first-class newspaper, and should receive a liberal patronage.

—Bro. Samuel D. Green, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "The cause maintains an evident interest here as evinced by the fall attendance both at the Conference and Sunday meetings. Brother J. W. Fletcher proves with himself and guides a powerful magnet for the enunciation of the very consoling messages from the dear ones gone before within the veil and the lectures are replete with gems of logic and eloquence in our beautiful Philosophy."

—W. J. Colville's lecture on "Looking backward and Forward," in the Oakland Synagogue, drew out a large audience last Sunday afternoon in spite of the heavy rain. On Sunday next, (Nov. 24), he will lecture at 3 p. m. on "The True Spiritual Gospel." Class in Spiritual science meets every Tuesday at 2:45 p. m. Classes in Alameda meet in Blanding Hall, Webb Avenue, Tuesday, 7:45 p. m., and Thursday 7:45 p. m.

—On Saturday evening, November 16th, a very pleasant entertainment was given at 106 McAllister street. Songs were very well sung by Mrs. McCarty, Miss Wadham, Miss Van der Zee, and W. J. Colville. Mrs. Shipley officiated in a brilliant manner as pianist and accompanist. Mr. R. H. Whiting played superbly on the concert. Miss Nelson and Mrs. Shipley delighted all with fine recitations, and W. J. Colville gave a telling inspirational poem on subjects suggested by the audience. After the musical and literary program, refreshments were served and social converse enjoyed. All went away expressing themselves as delighted.

—A miserable trickster, who announced himself as Dr. Chas. (in very small letters) Slade (a big capital extending clear across the hand), "and his company of English mediums," swindled a Santa Cruz audience, a few days ago, out of a goodly sum, under the pretext and promise that wonderful manifestations of spirit power would be witnessed. Every intelligent Spiritualist knows that the name of the great medium is Dr. Henry Slade, and not "Charles," also that all such loud sounding pretensions are invariably the methods of tricksters to pull the public. Dr. Dean Clarke warned the public against these pretenders, still many unheeded the warning and are living illustrations of the old adage, "a fool and his money," etc.

### St. Andrews' Hall.

—The meeting of the Union Spiritual Society at this hall on last Wednesday evening was crowded as usual; notwithstanding, the bad weather, the audience was composed of thinking and intelligent people, all eager to get tests, from the spirit world. The meeting was opened by a song, "The ever green Shore." Mrs. Meyers then took the platform and gave an inspiring and moving address, after which she gave an inspirational poem. After Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Briggs introduced the little girl flower, for the benefit of the audience. Mrs. Price followed, with a few words on the subject of Spiritualism; Mrs. Ellis followed and made a few choice remarks, and Mr. Day then took the rostrum and opened by asking the audience to buy some bouquets made by the controls of the little flower girl. The flowers were readily sold. Mr. Day then interested the audience with his remarks on the sub ject of Spiritualism and Mediumship. The audience then formed into several large circles and the following medevans gave a large number of tests. Mrs. Hender, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Price, and Mr. Ewens. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock, meet again next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, No. 111 Larkin St.

## EARTH BURIAL.

It is needful that the false sentiment regarding the disposition of our dead should undergo a complete revolution. There could probably be no better aid to this end than a general investigation of the mortuary records of the towns and cities of the globe, by proper officials; the facts and discoveries of whom should be given all possible publicity. An hundred or so years ago this was not so much a matter of importance as now, with a greater and increasing density of population, by virtue of which a great portion of the habitable earth is fast becoming a mass of putrefying corruption, that will involve at no distant time the world in pestilence, woe and desolation.

The recent official return on the condition of the London cemeteries is, or should be, sufficient to cause all reasonable persons to cry out for the crematory. In Brompton Cemetery, with an area of twenty-eight and three-fourths of an acre, there have been buried in less than fifty years, one hundred and fifty-five thousand bodies. In Tower Hamlets Cemetery, with twelve acres less, in about the same time, the number is two hundred and forty-seven thousand.

When it is remembered how perfectly unfitting the soil of these districts is for burial purposes, together with the means so largely employed for preventing speedy decomposition, one may readily imagine the danger that menaces those above this still increasing mass of sub-pollution.

Multiply the condition of the London suburbs by several hundred thousand more, and then ponder the product! Talk about sanitary regulations, when our public health laws are violated thus, and the air and water poisoned as a result of the superstitious custom of bodily burial! When pestilence stalks abroad, it is said to be planetary influence or Divine wrath!

## DEATH.

If there is a senseless word in our language it is death. Death is to die, but as nothing dies, why do we use it? We see continual change of form and combination of substances, but we never lose sight of anything, chemically speaking. We, the so-called living, are ever changing; eternal Nature is never two days the same; the sky, earth, and all therein, are ever putting off and taking on, but they pass not away.

Cœur de Leon was as much himself in the thinable of dust that was found in the coffin that enclosed him in the Cathedral of Rouen, as he was when he walked the earth in all his courage and power ages before. "The tomb is but the robesing-room. The living, thinking spirit soars upward to realms of never-ending life. O, scientists, let us live in view of things seen, but let us not fail to live also in view of things unseen. I am soon to go hence. I have pondered the problem of life and sounded the depths of free thinking. Science will make fortunate discoveries in material realms, but it will go wrong, believe me, if it be not controlled by a luminous ideal." And who ever spoke more beautifully and clearly of spiritual things than Victor Hugo? Ah! it is, indeed, the "luminous ideal" the world needs, but instead it cherishes the dark one—death.

True, darkness is one essential state of life, as clouds to the earth fertility. We lie down in darkness to slumber that the forces of our being be renewed for the coming new day. The grave is the receptacle of our exhausted physical forces; the spirit who passes them no longer subserve, slumbers not, but mounts upward to new fields of life and labor where change is ever at work, as here, but death is not spoken.

## Gleanings from the Progressive Lyceum.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Through the turmoil of business hours comes the whisper of Love to His creation, urging the human spirit to take from toil more time for mingling with its kind in the congenial atmosphere of social blending, where it will find its affection reflected and shared by others. Therefore, on Sunday, the apt replies to the general question, "What is the highest form of Love?" and the man judiciously presented words of wisdom, evidenced that the scholars had been giving the Lyceum topics some thought.

The subject for next Sunday as announced by the conductor, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, will be: "Who was the originator of the Lyceum, and why was it founded?" The new reward of merit cards that were distributed found favor with the scholars, who were prompted to retain them with the promise of the conductor that they should count to their credit in the holiday season.

The leaders' meeting was a large and interesting one, several topics designed to increase the activity of the Lyceum being taken up. One of these was the formation of the committee whose members in the near future will be designated by the conductor, and whose duties shall be the formulation of a constitution and by-laws founded upon the Lyceum manual recently adopted. The coming bazaar and entertainment to be given at St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, on the afternoons and evenings of Nov. 29th and 30th was a rather important topic.

The Lyceum aid society asked that all the pupils and friends of the Lyceum be requested to bring some little inexpensive article to the Lyceum next Sunday morning to be placed in the fishing pond, which will be one of the features of the bazaar. The committee on programme reported such progress that gives fair promise of a pleasant and varied entertainment on both evenings. It will meet in the Lyceum room at nine o'clock next Sunday morning to finish its work as nearly as possible, and the aid society will hold two meetings, Tuesday and Thursday, at the residence of the President, Mrs. A. E. Fossette, corner Jersey and Noe streets.

Other contributions for the bazaar can still be left with Mr. J. J. Owen, of the GOLDEN GATE, Mrs. J. Schlesinger of the *Carrier Dove*, Mr. C. H. Wadsworth, the Lyceum treasurer, No. 150 Eddy street, or any other person who will be guaranteed for such articles reaching their aid society.

A young people's literary society is another project under consideration by several of the pupils, and may prove a wise means of harmonizing many spirits in congenital exercise.

On the evenings of the bazaar the public is invited to assemble promptly at 7:30.

W. J. KIRKWOOD,

## Progressive Spiritualists.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Notwithstanding Sunday was a rainy day, the most interesting of any of the afternoon meetings

was held. After Judge Collins had made the opening remarks, Dr. J. M. Temple took the platform and surpassed all former efforts in giving most tangible evidence of the existence of spirit friends to many in the audience. We believe that this young gentleman will become very popular as a platform or medium in the near future. Fentress made his first attempt at giving tests in public and did very well. Mrs. Miller made the closing speech and was interesting as always is. In the evening Prof. Dawson delivered one of the best lectures he has given before the society. The subject was handled in such a forcible and logical manner and the ideas were so new to most people that it was the wish of many that he should repeat it at some future time. Mrs. M. J. Hender gave some platform tests, also Mrs. Miller.

S. B. WHITEHEAD, Secretary.

## St. George's Hall.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, was well filled on Sunday at 11 A. M. After the music and invocation, Prof. Owen recited a poem, "Abou Ben Adam," and gave many tests, which were gladly acknowledged.

Col. Collins, President of the Progressive Spiritual Society, gave a fine address in favor of the brotherhood of the race, etc. Mrs. Hender, whose large experience in mediumship renders her the peer among women in the profession, gave an entertaining address and much encouragement to several persons in the audience, besides words of cheer to all present. Mrs. Miller gave one of her enthusiastic speeches, and recommended all to attend the benefit social tendered to the management of these meetings, on Saturday evening, the 23d of the present month, upstairs in the same building.

Mrs. White was controlled by Mrs. Eliza McKey, to make a few remarks. Mr. Dean made excellent remarks. Sweet music by Mrs. Rutter and Mrs. Cook, with appropriate words from the choir, closed the meeting, to meet again next Sunday morning in the same place.

Sunday evening last concluded the course of lectures by Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless, in St. George's Hall. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the attendance was not as large as usual, the large majority being gentlemen, there being but one lady present beside the speaker and organist. The guides of Mrs. Nickless lectured on the duties of Spiritualists in the promulgation and advancement of the truth they had received of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism.

After the lecture, Dr. Mansfield, the oldest public medium in the field today, made a talk on the subjects relating to the early life of mediumship and mediumship, and the persecutions he had endured by being a believer and promulgator of spiritual truths. The tests by Mrs. Nickless were unusually interesting, and all were recognized by those receiving them. In December, Mrs. Nickless is engaged to lecture for the Spiritualists at Santa Cruz.

## Fraternity Hall, Oakland.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The First Association of Progressive Spiritualists met last evening to hold their usual meetings, Dr. Macsorley presiding.

There was a very fair attendance at the afternoon service. A poem was read by the president, singing, remarks and experiences were given by the congregation. Circles were next in order, and a series of tests were given and recognized. These meetings are open free to all who see fit to take advantage of the privileges to be enjoyed each Sunday afternoon.

At the evening service there were not so many present as usual, owing to the stormy weather. After singing hymns of Spiritual Philosophy, a poem was given by the president, Angel Lillie. Dr. Temple then occupied the platform for the remainder of the evening. Quite a number of tests, also names were given and recognized very readily. All seemed much interested and satisfied with the proceedings.

Next Sunday evening Dr. Dewey has promised to be with us and give tests. All are cordially invited to attend. Doors open at 7 P. M.

MRS. DAVIS.

## The Cause in San Jose.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Many times during my stay in Oakland, the past year and a half, I was asked the question, "What are they doing in San Jose in the way of spiritual meetings?" As I was present at one yesterday, I will give you readers a brief synopsis of what transpired at G. A. R. Hall, on First street:

Meeting opened at regular hour, Bro. McClellan in the Chair, by singing the familiar hymn, "Over There." Mrs. Stone was then introduced, and, after giving an invocation, gave a very interesting lecture under control, the subject being, "Rock of Ages." This lady has only been a Spiritualist for about a year and is progressing rapidly in her mediumship. Brother McClellan then read an original essay, which was good. Mrs. Carrie Downer also gave us some good thoughts.

Mrs. Bigelow being called on, made a few remarks and recited a poem, which was well received. Mr. Moore and several others, gave us a few words of cheer and encouragement, and after another song was sung the meeting adjourned until next Sunday. These meetings are what was formerly known as the Psychic Circle, but are composed of Spiritualists.

On next Sunday Mrs. Knowles will preside and also give a lecture or paper on "Why I am a Christian Spiritualist." The regular society of Spiritualists have their meeting in the evening and generally have a good attendance. Mrs. Carrie Downer has occupied the platform for some time and I believe has been engaged for this month. The Lyceum has been re-organized and has been named the Spiritualists' Progressive Lyceum (or Sunday school) and is well attended. Yours fraternally,

MRS. H. L. BIGELOW.  
857 Orchard St., San Jose, Cal., Nov. 18, 1889.

In private life, and in all life, the best motives to action are those which lie outside of self and its supposed interests.

## Summerland Notes.

## EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Summerland is growing and rejoicing. Mr. Harriman of Canaan, Vermont, has arrived and is delighted, and will send for his family at once.

Mr. Andrew W. Beaton, of Springfield, Illinois, arrived last week; is very much pleased, and will abide with us. He is the advance guard of some others.

Mr. W. B. Morris and family will arrive to-morrow, having stopped two days in Los Angeles. Mr. Morris is from Medicine Lodge, Kansas, and is the father of our contractor and builder, J. W. T. Morris.

Mrs. Mary Cawker, of Denver, Colorado, arrived Friday, and is negotiating with the contractors for a building containing two store rooms, with sixteen bed rooms above, which will fill a long tenant. She says she will have it completed in six weeks. This will provide better accommodations for visitors.

The first steps for a public school building have been taken, and we hope to long to announce its commencement, although there is a district school house on one side of the Rancho, at which our children attend; yet we want a school of our own, where no false doctrines are taught, and we intend to have it.

Will. C. Hodge, of Wisconsin, who came here to see, and for his health, is so delighted has concluded to remain and give us a lecture every Sunday. His lecture-to-day had double the attendance of his first, many coming from Carpenteria and Santa Barbara.

We were all delighted with the letter of Mrs. Scott Briggs, in the GOLDEN GATE of the 9th, she having been identified with an opposition scheme, and with the paper in which the attack on our beautiful Summerland was made. Her words of praise have a double meaning to us. The angel world is at the head of this movement, and, rest assured, the truth will prevail. Fraternally,

HENRY B. ALLEN.

SUMMERLAND, CAL., NOV. 17, 1889.

She Did it for Coin.

A dispatch to the San Francisco Chronicle, dated New York, Nov. 19th, is as follows:

"Maggie Fox, one of the leading Spiritualists, who recently recanted and gave a detailed exposure of the tricks of the Fox sisters in Rochester over forty years ago, and of the devices which she and others afterward practiced in this country and in England, has now made a confession that she was bribed to commit the fraud of exposing Spiritualism by several clergymen.

"Will to God," she said yesterday, "that I could undo the injustice I did to the cause of Spiritualism." Under strong psychological influence of a person inimical to Spiritualism, I gave expression to utterances that had no foundation in fact. This retraction and denial have not come about so much from my own sense of what is right as from the silent impulse of the spirits hostile to the treacherous horde who held out promises of wealth and happiness in return for the attack on Spiritualism, and whose hopeful assurances were so deceitful."

"When did you decide to explain the position which you took, or were forced to take, in the alleged exposure?"

"It is not of recent date," she replied. "It was months since I was first urged to do this thing. I did my utmost to repress the uncontrollable desire to make a clean breast of the whole treacherous onslaught on Spiritualism, but try as I might an irresistible spiritual influence urged me to this course with great vigor."

"What caused led up to your exposure of spirit rappings?"

"At that time I was in great need of money, and persons whom for the present I prefer not to name took advantage of my situation."

"What was the object of the persons who induced you to make the confession that you and all mediums traded on the credulity of the people?"

"They had several objects in view. Their first and paramount idea was to crush Spiritualism, to make money for themselves and get up a great excitement, as that was an element in which they flourished."

"Was there any truth in the charges you made against Spiritualism?"

"Those charges were false in every particular. I have no hesitation in saying that."

Women who are the least bashful are not unfrequently the most modest; and we are never more deceived than when we would infer any laxity of principle from that freedom of demeanor which often arises from total ignorance.

The most precious of all possessions is power over ourselves; power to withstand.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Office of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, Suite 43, Flood Building.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 7th, 1889.

The Regular Annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company will be held at the office of said Company as above, on Saturday, Dec. 7, 1889, at 2 o'clock P. M. Said meeting is hereby called for the purpose of electing five Trustees for said Company, and for the transaction of such other business as may be necessary.

MATTIE P. OWEN, Secretary.

## A GREAT CONVENIENCE.

Experience proves that a great deal of human suffering can be overcome by the external application of electro-magnetism. We see that Dr. Scott (known throughout the world for his deep study of this subject) has been able to combine in a popular, porous plaster, the principles of electromagnetism, so that most diseases can be cured or the pain alleviated.

By placing this plaster on the part of the body affected, such diseases as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, Asthma, severe coughs and colds in the chest, as well as kidney troubles, can be cured. The Doctor recommends, in connection with the plasters, his electro-magnetic Insoles; and to introduce his electric plasters, he will send a pair of Electric Insoles FREE to any who will forward one dollar to Dr. Scott, 842 Broadway, New York City, for four of his plasters. His name appears in this issue of our paper; read it carefully. Absolute confidence may be placed in the Doctor's offer. He is well known throughout the United States among physicians and all the Commercial Agencies. If you have any kind of a pain about you, no matter what it is, you will find the plaster (especially if used in connection with the Insoles) will relieve you, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, absolutely cure it. It is, indeed, a great convenience to be cured in this way, as it saves all the annoyance which comes from taking strong medicines, and enables you to attend to your daily duties while the process of curing goes on in its quiet, painless way.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

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THE BOOK,

## PUBLICATIONS.

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Spirit EONA's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World to be sold by Agents and through the House direct.

To introduce this GREAT SPIRITUAL WORK into every Spiritualist and, to those that read for advanced thought, I wish to appoint an agent (lady or gentleman) in every city and town in the United States, Canada, and foreign countries.

Those that will accept this position will find it very pleasant work. A few hours each day devoted to the sale of this book will bring you a nice income. Aside from this, you are doing a great spiritual good in distributing to the many advanced thoughts in the book.

With little effort the book can be sold to nearly every Spiritualist that dwells in your city.

TO ONLY ONE AGENT to each town or city is wanted.

Those that desire the same will please advise me at once, and I will mail them full particulars as to prices, etc.

The book is well advertised, and the many sales we have made is proof that this is the proper time for a book like this

[TITLE PAGE.]

## SPIRIT EONA'S LEGACY TO THE

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## ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS.

- or THE -

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SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS

meets every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 299½ and 313½ Market street between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

CIRCLE OF HARMONY—MEETS EVERY SUN-

DAY at 11 A. M. in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street. Mediums and speakers especially invited. All welcome to participate. Mrs. A. F. Logan presiding.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY

Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, at 7:45 P. M. Meetings will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. in Fraternal Hall, Oakland, corner of First and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

MEDIUMS' MEETINGS—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24th and 30th; also December 14th, 21st and 28th. Grand Army Hall, 419 Thirteenth street, Oakland. Doors open at 7 P. M. All invited.

OPEN MEETINGS—OF THE GOLDEN GATE

Society of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. at McAllister Street, 130. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

COUNCIL G. G. OR THE T. S.

FIRST OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH AND

AT 3 P. M. Class instruction every Tuesday, at 2:45 P. M., and Thursday, at 7:45 P. M.

OPEN MEETING—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY,

November 11th, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All seats free. College Hall, 106 McAllister Street, Sunday, at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

WEDDING AVENUE CHAPEL, NEAR PARK ST.,

Alameda. Class lessons every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M.

EAST MOOR, DEL.—

Your melted pebble spectacles are perfection.

Your magnetized compound for eye-wash, with the spectacles, have done wonder, for me, I wish you success,

Very Respectfully,

MRS. E. S. ADAIR,

ATLANTIC, IOWA, Jan. 6, 1889.

Mr. B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa—Dear Sir—

I have used several bottles of your catarrh cure, and have found the remedy the best I have ever used. So dangerous is the disease and so sure are its workings toward other troubles, that to any in suffering from catarrh, they should procure your remedy at once and begin its use. My health is fully restored, and my deafness entirely cured, by using six bottles of your catarrh remedy.

I can recommend it to everybody as a great medical discovery.

Yours truly,

HORACE BAKER,

ATLANTIC, IOWA, Jan. 6, 1889.

Mr. B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa—Dear Sir—

# GOLDEN GATE.

Where are our Friends who have Passed Over?

*Continued from First Page.*

verse side of the picture painted by an apostle who said "the natural (external) man discerneth not the things of the spirit because they are spiritually (internally) discerned." If the lower consciousness of man, which is expressed through the physique, is oblivious to spiritual things, then the higher or interior consciousness of the same man is not mindful of the things pertaining to matter, and we wish to dwell on this thought and enlarge upon it for a little space by reason of the abounding consolation flowing from a due consideration of it.

How very, very often have we heard the remark from those recently bereaved: "Oh! that I could know for a certainty that my beloved one is with me really in spirit, and yet perhaps I am selfish in wishing that he should be acquainted with my earthly state for it would cause him sorrow to know I suffer pain."

Is there no solution of this paradox, no philosophy of life which can assure this tender, unselfish heart, that friends can know and bless each other in spirit without taking cognizance of mortal woe? There is such a philosophy, and it is worthy the name spiritual, for it leads those who study and embrace it to look quite away from matter for their consolation, and at the same time affords them all the blissful assurance of deathless intercommunion of kindred souls for which multitudes are so eagerly longing and so reasonably hankering. Are we not spiritual entities already? is not our nature spiritual once and always? do we die and live again, or do we not go on living when we appear to die, and if our life is now spiritual can there be a suspension of our life's activities at any time or under any circumstances, except in the estimation of mistaken judgment?

The celebrated French chemist, Raspail, in his treatise on the *macrocosm* and *microcosm*, ventured the assertion that science had in the person of its profoundest devotees discovered an unchanging spark of life which, as an ever burning lamp, lit with divine fire, could never be extinguished; around this changeless centre a form could be built, many times remodelled, and at length dissolved, but the *macrocosm* always remains undisturbed.

This theory is very reasonable and exceedingly harmonious with the latest electrical discoveries in human nature and perfectly consonant with the only logical inferences from the most reliable psychology and physiology. We do not press, we do but mention this view, in case there be any present who are even faintly tinctured with the saddening thought that the advance of physical science is dealing death-blows at our most cherished hopes of life immortal. All true science is a unit; a genuine scientist is a true friend and champion of true Spiritualism whether he knows it or knows it not. Materialism is the *reductio ad absurdum* of fossilized folly, while much-vaunted agnosticism is but the fashionable pseudonym for ignorance. Breaking in upon the blank, thick darkness of pessimism which sometimes threatens to engulf the world is a sublime, rational, all-satisfactory spiritual revelation, not supernatural by any means the old acceptance of that term, but natural in the highest sense in that it is made to and through the essential and only enduring nature of the human race. "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are unseen are eternal," is not only a scriptural text, pregnant with immortal meaning. It is an axiom of all sound philosophy, a conception demonstrably accurate in the light of science and universal experience.

Now if we are immortal, the spiritual life is the life we are now living and ever must continue to live. The spiritual realm is not a remote place, a distant sphere, but the real universe of which the outer forms of suns, planets and satellites, are the lowest, grossest and least important expressions. Think of the immense seeming distances between worlds according to astronomical computation, and then remember that nothing is nowhere, for something fills immensity. What occupies the boundless "ether?" what fills all space, inhabits all fancied void? what is that perhaps unknown, but certainly not unknowable Power, Energy or Force which is all about us and in its circumferential infinity includes all so-called matter in its embrace? When in olden days according to the Bible narratives the eyes of young and old were opened to the universe of life shrouded from external vision, when according to the same record the spiritual world made itself evident to men in their sleep who could not see aught but matter in their waking hours. David's exclamation in the house of his mourning was explained, for he said concerning the child of his love, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." How painfully crude until quite recently, have been popular definitions of heaven and paradise, you all know; glowing Oriental figures of speech have been rendered literally by modern people to whom the phraseology of the east is almost a dead letter; but though much of the Bible, certainly the bulk of such books as Daniel and the Apocalypse may be exceedingly obscure without a key, who can say that in the gospels and epistles immortality and the real nature of the spiritual world is not far more fully brought to light. To those whose scholarship is wholly superficial, though they may be deeply learned in Hebrew, Greek or Sanskrit the records

of the ancient east shed no light on the world invisible, for the same reason that sound is not interpreted to mean anything by all who hear it, or as a clearly written book reveals nothing to one who has no acquaintance with the language in which it is written. Not secular scholarship but spiritual culture opens the door to knowledge of infinite life and though we have not one word to say against, and many words to say in favor of such phenomenal tests of spiritual existence as are adapted to the receptivities of persons not prepared for a subtler manifestation, we cannot in honesty affirm that we know any persons fully satisfied of life immortal who are relying absolutely on the testimonies of sense. You probably all know that our arisen sister was an earnest and consistent Spiritualist according both to the inner and outer meanings of that word, that she was a spiritually minded woman, no one who was ever privileged to know her can need to be told, she was also fully satisfied of communion between the two states of consciousness commonly called the two worlds. Evidences furnished by her own career were more than sufficient to introduce her to the realm of certainty concerning immortal life and though she did not pass from mortal expression without having tasted the pangs of suffering, her bright, happy, unselfish nature lifted her so far above her earthly pains that she scarcely minded them as her thoughts turned even to the life of spirit and the joys unmingle there. Probably in no portion of inspired writing can we find so clear and definite an exposition of the law of spiritual fellowship as in the 14th chapter of the 4th Gospel, where all the power of the statement is emphasized by the meaning conveyed in the pronouns. "I go to prepare a place for you that where I am ye may be also," signifies nothing vague, indefinite or general, the teaching is distinctly particular and enforces the exact reason why some souls are together in an especial sense in the life immortal. Picture the scene as you will, and you can but find a teacher and his disciples devoted to each other in the purest and most helpful way; the teacher delights in them and they delight in him. They are happy in each other's company and their mutual relations tend to universal benefit. The teacher knows a great deal more than the learners, but that does not prevent their being very near together in the work in which they are all engaged. One day the teacher tells them he is going to leave them, i.e., they will see his bodily form no more, and never again will they listen to his earthly voice. Having been told this by their beloved master, they have become very sorry, and quite naturally for they not only look forward to loneliness apart from their kind, wise friend and counselor, but they must have keenly anticipated the loss of instruction valuable to them beyond all price. Now what does the teacher say to all these doting, mourning students of his? "If ye loved me ye woud rejice because I go to my Father who is greater than I." Then sorrow, we must conclude is selfish, springing from self love rather than from love of the friends who pass from our mortal perception. This lesson we know is very hard to learn, it sounds harsh when first presented, but all truth is like the symbolic little book eaten by a prophet of old, bitter in the mouth, but sweet as honey when digested. Thus no sooner had Jesus told his disciples he was going from them to assure them that he would come again to them and remain forever with them. The only union between friends which is enduring in spirit, is a union of soul, and whenever that union is felt and discovered we may be certain it can never be broken. Love is an all sufficient bond; without it there can be no joy in association and with it in purity we need no more. But we have not answered the inquiry so often raised as to how our friends in spirit can know all that is really important for them and us to know without being aware of any of our griefs and trials, therefore let us now proceed very briefly to ask your most earnest attention to the following demonstrable proposition. Sorrow is not removed by knowing of it, but by the application of its antidote joy. When any of you are feeling unhappy and a bright, kindly friend steps across your threshold and knowing nothing of your grief, cheers you out of it by the simple charm of his presence, manner and conversation, he has not diagnosed your case, and intentionally applied a remedy, he has simply been to you what sunshine and air are to those who have been confined in darkness, in ill-ventilated apartments. To know of hunger is certainly not always to be able to furnish food, but when people are actually suffering from hunger, they are in need of a variety of useful things. He who furnishes the needed articles is the only practical and successful benefactor.

Now say that you are mourning the loss of a dear friend and you fall gently asleep or are in some way, soothed to rest in the midst of your sorrow, and there comes to you a peaceful dream or heavenly vision, which both gladdens and consoles you. You awaken to your ordinary consciousness, strengthened and refreshed; your sorrow has fled and you are happy, simply because you have been related to the sphere of happiness and have experienced something of the blessing flowing from communion with a higher state of health and experience. Now if this dear mother has passed to where she can see the real spiritual aspect of life far more clearly than ever before, and if in that superior state which she has entered, you and she can commune together, it is not necessary

that she should see your outward state any more than that she should take interest in the style of your dresses or the arrangement of your household effects; it is you, not they with which she desires to hold communion. Conceive if you can of the spiritual mind employing the spiritual body to discern spiritual objects spiritually, and dismiss from your thoughts the carnal body which is used to take note of carnal objects, and you will understand that the perceptions of spirits differ entirely from those of sense. It is that, spirit perceives spirit and as we are spirits, we in spirit perceive each other, without noting our surroundings.

You may plant a flower in memory of your mother, and fancy that she hovers over the rosebush, and sees how it expands; this is but a mortal fancy if you attach importance to the physical plant, but if you like to feel that a dear one in spirit knows your thoughts and sees the image of the rosebush in your mind and knows of the longing that you send out to her in whose honor you planted an earthly twig, your fancy is all with reality. Now if the spirit world is the essential world, lying all around us, including and containing the lower and lesser states, we call by other names, why speak of any "departure" or look for any "return" why not here, and now seek so to realize the living presence of your loved ones all about you, that you shall feel them mingling their thoughts with yours, carrying on with you all those activities which dust and clay can at best but most inadequately express and thus be far less anxious for the phantoms of earth and vastly more conscious of the true substance of spirit. As there can be no death to genius, to aspiration, to talent, to affection; as life and love are forever, while all beside is but illusion; let us with renewed strength, hope, confidence and courage, leave the graveside not to re-enter a deserted home, but to so live as to continually feel, and gratefully recognize the spiritual benediction of the arisen angels of all our households.

What is that form which lies so still, Untroubled, calm, bespeaking peace, How welcome should the moment be When all her earthly charms cease; Fair brown hair, golden folded hands Like lilies lying on her breast, Bespeak the sure and certain truth That she has entered into rest.

Why should ye mourn, or wherfore grieve, When she has only passed above?

We have not lost her presence here,

For in the spirit she is still, forevermore;

Is not the all that we have left;

Though passing sweet such memories be,

We have her living with us still

In life immortal's radiancy.

The spirit moored,—where is it, what?—

It is not country far away;

No distant star confines this soul

So recently redeemed from clay.

Our friends in spirit and ourselves

Are all at once in spirit here;

And we may surely see their forms,

And hear them whispering words of cheer.

Behold that pillow at her head,

White blossoms, with one word in blue:

The sweetest word that lips pronounce.

Mother! the ever fond and true,

While constantly her path doth crown,

Friendship and innocence unto

To gladden her with best renown.

And so that bright five-pointed star:

The pentagram give promise fair,

Of yet greater gifts to be.

So recently redeemed from clay,

She sheds its light to point the road

For wise men; humble shepherds too,

To guide them to the crib of Christ,

Born in their souls with lustre new.

And gas upon the variegated bloom,

The symbol typifies of the love

Borne for a pure and gentle soul,

As harmless as the whitest dove.

And yet as wise in counsel safe,

Guiding their children safely on

To walk in strict integrity.

Earth from her vision doth receive:

She sees your mortal forms no more;

But radiant in her spirit form

She greets you from the other shore.

'Tis but one step, and not that steep,

The golden stair's not hard to climb

For such as live to bless on earth,

And glorify the things of time.

Not dead! ah, no! but more alive,

Fair more divinely glad and free

Than when this earth encumbered her,

And life seemed fraught with mystery.

Not dead! ah, no! love cannot die;

Or never! the joyous, endless years

Of heavenly life, all loving souls

Find pearls for crystallized tears.

Weep not, but quietly rejoice;

As you think of her to-day,

Remember that your souls and her's,

Together thro' such scenes shall stray

As never greet the outward eye,

Or manifest to mortal sense.

There you and she all you love,

Will find pure joy and recompence.

BENEDICTION.

May the light of immortal life break thro'

every cloud which veils the spirit and we all

blest with such knowledge of truth eternal as

shall bless us in enabling us to bless others;

remembering the power and sweetness of the exam-

ples set us by her who has joined the choir vir-

ginal and now pourth forth your soul's sweetest

song thereon; we are led by this solemny

joyful example to so shape our thoughts,

and our actions that we may each one truly

have reason to claim as we think of lies

before us, "Nearer my God to Thee, nearer to

Thee; nearer thro' all discipline of earth

and Wisdom, and who doth all thing well.

After the services at the house, which were at-

tended by fully 200 people, the funeral procession

moved to the East Portland cemetery where W.

J. Colville conducted another short service. The floral tributes left on the grave were exceedingly beautiful, the weather was perfect, and a blessed

influence reigned over all.

Truth is a fortress which will never fall

although it may be besieged by all the

evil performers of hell.

# GOLDEN GATE.

## PUBLICATIONS.

### STUDIES OF THE OUTLYING FIELDS

—OF—

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[November 23, 1880.]

## PUBLICATIONS.

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## One Thing and Another.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

In a recent number of your ever welcome paper, I came across an article that interested me very much because it touched somewhat my own experience. The writer invited those having similar experience to correspond with him, but I neglected to take his address before the paper went forth again on its mission of love to other hearts, so I presume on your space instead. The writer referred to gave a fine account of leaving his material form and ascending to great height, where a ring of wondrous light attracted his attention, and it was that which interested me, as I have been conscious of passing through space with a rapidity that could not be calculated, though at such time my form was asleep, which might give rise to the idea that what I experienced was a dream, but it was not so, as dreams belong to the earth's atmosphere, and I conclude they are many times the imperfectly photographed occurrences that take place somewhere. I find the mystic realm is strangely peopled, and casts many queer shadows on material brains, the chemicals of which during sleep, are not fully active, as the office is closed and the operators gone away, in quest of the higher magnetic life which is never lacking in the Universal Laboratory. I will speak of one return from the far away. I was in land of light, and coming earthward. I was not alone—and I think they who are bound to material forms never do journey so far alone. The rapidity with which I passed through the air was most surprising. I felt as though I parted the ether with a mighty rush. I was at ease and happy, yet when I neared the earth's atmosphere I was conscious of cringing, entering it. I seemed like one in a dark tunnel, and almost unconsciously leaned closer to my companion. I felt with the darkness, a coldness. Our speed was not slackened, and on reaching my destination I was not conscious of passing through materiality to reach my form, and the moment I, the soul, brought my full electric power to the material brain, I, the physical, bounded from my couch with no sleep shadows tangled in my eyes, and with full consciousness that I, the soul, had been in the far away. I have many times seen the souls of those whom I knew had not unmoored from material shores, have also conversed with them and received answers I afterward proved correct.

In No. 15 of the GATE I noticed another article from an earnest soul who quotes from Scripture and asks some wise heads to answer, which I shall not attempt to do, because I touch not the heights of wisdom ne d.d., yet I can think aloud and not label my thoughts undisputed truth. The quotation was this: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, you must be born again to enter the kingdom of heaven." The writer asks how many embodiments it will need for a soul to reach the kingdom of heaven. I doubt if anyone can give the exact number, though I believe there is an exactness that is mathematically so, that completely settles all questions relating to souls and their experiences in the many winding paths of material existence. I believe too, that all souls belonging to a planet are treated alike, there being no injustice in the Creative Mind.

As I write, there comes to me an odd thought which I will attempt to write out. Are not all planets mathematically based on some number, that is to them the mystic number, that runs with a governing power through the destiny of the same, and acts on all souls attached thereto by virtue of their first embodiment? Now, if such be true, and the mystic number of this planet being seven, as many assert, would not souls actually belonging here be obliged to return to the field of contest seven times before the full laurels were won? Of one thing I am sure; I do know that no one can be said to have gained the Kingdom of Heaven, which I believe to be first, condition, and secondly, place, until they have reached that white soul condition, when the dove of peace broods over and even in the souls of holy of holies. No one can hold in their hearts aught of bitterness towards another and be ready for the Kingdom, nor can self fill all the rooms of the soul, and at the same time love for humanity abound. Surely our feet must press earth's shores until all of lesser good is outgrown, and we stand beneath the divine halo. Much of discipline the soul needs to make it masterful, and much strength one must have gained to hold the tide of thought in pure and uplifting channels. I believe it to be the duty of every true Spiritualist to give to the atmosphere of this planet only pure and exalted thought, because every thought radiated is material, and must reach some brain through the magnetic power thereof, and reaching it must be an incentive either to higher or lower conditions. I believe we can do no holier work than to think beautiful thoughts, that are like white doves sent forth on mission of love. One who can thus live, has surely reached the Kingdom of Heaven; has been born again, born from materiality to exalted spirituality, which to me is the true meaning of the passage.

Now, I have not attempted to answer a single query, besides I think the writer answered them immediately after asking as well as "wise heads" could, when all must be a matter of opinion to each, until each proves the truth in a way that the soul can accept. I find that we can

grow to contrast the realm of truth, which as I understand, or rather, sense it, is removed from the earth atmosphere that is ever replete with mental lives radiated from material brains. Such lives, I find are vibrant with conjecture, and not settled fact. In the silence of my soul I can reach the higher tide, when all my being is stayed, and strengthened for that which is to come. At such times I am conscious of warring with many thought forms that are born in and radiated from material brains. They come before me in groups, one after another. Yet if I have the time to spare I can plough through and reach the higher tide, the peace echoes of which are music to my ears. I said to myself when I began this article, it should be short and concise, therefore I will leave many other thoughts unwritten and thus avoid apologizing to the editor, which seems something like doing what one desires and then asking Christ to forgive. In truth,

Nov. 7th, 1889.

A Secular Journal, "Broad Enough for Truth."

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Oakland, Cal., *Morning Times* of Nov. 12th, has as its editorial "A Word to Spiritualists." If the secular press throughout our land would deal as justly with spiritual meetings as Mr. Moffitt of the *Times*, the discrepancies now existing would soon be overcome and our managers of spiritual meetings could only afford to have the best talent in the spiritual ranks to administer from their platforms. There are none who regret the appearance of partially developed mediums before the public more than Spiritualists. The ridicule of the press towards everything that is spiritual, in the past, has prevented the attendance at our meetings of many who would like and are desirous of learning something of our philosophy. When the secular press takes the stand of the *Times* and says, "Our columns are broad enough for truth, always," the stigma now existing to the weak in attending our meetings will be overcome, and all can enter a spiritual meeting without fear and trembling lest their next door neighbor shall see them and talk. The *Times* says:

"The best mediums in the world say that our climate is magnificent, perfectly harmonious for spiritual phenomena. Mott, the great materializer, once said: 'Along the California coast the angels seem to assume flesh and become visible to me with greater ease and frequency than anywhere in the world that I've ever been.'

"On Sunday night there was a magnificent audience at Fraternity Hall to be converted, if possible, yet you had there a medium whose power is confessedly in the developmental stage. His mental tests lacked that accuracy and power so often witnessed.

"Your faith has the climate to 'back it up,' and, besides, it has the testimony of learned psychic societies. Thousands of scientists, scholars, thinkers and men of the world have become converts to your beautiful faith. Whatever else may be said of you, your teachings are beautiful. Of course there are thousands of us here who do not believe in your faith. There are men who doubtless accept Emerson's definition that it is a 'rat-hole revelation,' but they are open to conviction. You owe it to yourselves and to the great anxious public to bring forth some of your greatest talent. We want to see some medium who will say to a visitor:

"Sir, your name is John Jones and I see the spirit of your brother Thomas at your side.'

"We read of such tests in other places. Why is our climate slighted? Your experts say that it is here in our rare air and sunny sunshine that telluric influences conduct communications: Everything here is in rapport, therefore the people demand as a right the presence of your best mediums. A medium who deals in generalities does your cause and the town no good. For instance, when our reporter asked:

"Where is the soul of Horace Greeley to-night?" and the medium promptly answered: 'Yes. They say they think so.' You can see at a glance that the reply was one that created doubt and confusion in the poor reporter's mind.

"All that we here say is said earnestly—yes, prayerfully, reverently, if you prefer. We simply believe in a smooth track for everything and everybody. Bring on your best mediums and THE TIMES will joyfully report his deeds. Our columns are broad enough for truth, always."

The following lines were found about fifty years ago written with a diamond on a pane of glass in an inn at Dublin:

Life is like a busy inn where travellers stay, Some only breakfast and are soon away, Others on dinner wait and are well fed, The oldest sups and goes to bed.

Long is his bill who lingers out the day, He who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

Simply weed a man that he shall produce nothing evil, but never plant him, so that he shall produce something good, and what is worth? If this be cultivation, the Desert of Sahara is the most cultivated spot on the globe.—*Life Thoughts.*

When a good resolution is formed beware of the tempter—he is there always nearest.

To be without friends is to find the world a wilderness.—*Lord Bacon.*

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## The Sermon on the Mount.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Sermon on the Mount is interesting as a compend of the teachings of Jesus Christ. It is pointed at by his followers as of incomparable excellence and fountain of morality; as a presentation of moral truths before unknown to man, and without Christ unknowable. In that sermon he blessed poverty, the mourner, the meek, those who desire righteousness, the merciful, the pure, the peacemakers and those who are persecuted for the truth. He strenuously advocates the exact observance of the Mosaic Law, and pronounces it an eternal code. He defines fraternal and conubial love. He forbids profanity. Although sanctioning the Mosaic Code, and saying that he came not to destroy it, he did not endorse its iron maxims of an eye for an eye, but taught exactly opposite,—non-resistance to evil; to love enemies, to do good to those who despisively use you. He presented the ideal perfection of the Father for imitation. He taught alms, fasting, and prayers should be made in secret. He discarded the treasures of earth and enlarged those of heaven. He commanded that no thought be taken of the morrow, presenting the fowls of the air and the lilies of the field as illustrations. He taught a large and universal charity; to judge not, that you be not judged; to do as you would be done by. At the close He intimated that He would hold the office of Judge of the world in the final day.

Around this most important chapter in the Gospel, gathers an impenetrable cloud of contradictions. Matthew says it was delivered on a mountain and records 107 verses; while Luke says it was delivered on a plain, and records but thirty verses. Mark and John omit it altogether. It thus becomes doubtful whether Jesus ever made such compend of his teachings. It is far more probable that his biographers followed the example of ancient historians and placed the speech in his mouth. Its doctrines are of pure morality but no new truth was given utterance. It is old wine in new bottles; reiteration of immemorial maxims. As an example the Golden Rule is especially referred to Jesus, and what truth can be learned by consulting the sayings of preceding sages. Tobit said, "Do to no man what thou thyself hatest." And Hillel, "Do not to another what thou would not he should do to thee; this is the sum of the law." Six centuries previously, Thales said, "That which thou blamest in another, do not thyself to a neighbor." Pythagoras repeated this sentence; but Isocrates changed its wording. "Thou will deserve to be honored if thou doest not thyself what thou blames in another." Still more remote, Confucius in China taught—650 years B. C.—"What you do not wish done to yourself, do not to others." Jesus said: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye to them likewise."

The fatherhood of God was more vigorously advocated by the pagans than by the Christians. Hesiod and Homer called Jupiter, "Father of the gods and men." The Rig Veda says, "May the Father of men be favorable to us." Horace speaks of the "Divine Father" of the human race; Seneca, of the "Glorious Parent." The pagan sages also taught the brotherhood of man. Epictetus, Quintilian, Aurelius and Seneca speak of this relation. Diidorus; earliest of the poets, says, "All men everywhere belong to one family." Meander says, "We have all one and the same nature." And Terence, "I am a man: nothing human can I count foreign to me." The Stoics completely anticipated the teachings of Jesus in regard to the brotherhood of man.

He uttered the doctrines of the Essenes, of whom, if he did not belong to that sect, he had imbibed all they had to teach. They despised riches; took no thought of the morrow; swore not under any circumstances; believed in being merciful, helping the needy, restraining the passions; in fidelity to all men, especially to those in authority; and always preserving the exact truth. They were rigid observers of the Mosaic law. There is a slight departure from the trammels of belief, but scarcely perceptible. He uttered no new truths; that was impossible. He gave moral maxims old as the ages. He made no new applications of old truths. His famous sermon combines the threads of morality running through Greece and Rome and the entire pre-Christian world. Everyone of his moral precepts can be traced to foreign origin, and preceding centuries.

The following incident was told at a conference recently by a good orthodox clergyman, which shows how little some people understand revival methods. Mother Van Cott had been addressing a large meeting. At the close, she went about talking to individuals. Among others, she spoke to a great Swede who had been listening to her. "Are you willing, my friend, to work for Jesus?" she asked. In great surprise, he replied in broken English: "I woot rather not. I have joost got a job on an ice-cart."

The dreams, the bright and beautiful dreams, of youth are sometimes realized in manhood, but, alas! only sometimes.

No beginnings of things, however small, says Plutarch, are to be neglected, because continuance makes them great.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

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GAINED 1st PREMIUM for greatest merit at the New Orleans Cotton Centennial & World's Exposition for refined and wonderful power of tone, elegance of design, and beauty of finish. Pianos endorsed by United States commissioners, from each of the States. Cases finest carved, rosewood finished, imported from Europe, and guaranteed—three strings throughout of best patent steel wire—keys best ivory. Our new patent steel tuning lever, instead of wire, is a great improvement ever made in pianos. It consists of stationary steel tuning pins that are set in a mold and melted into the sound board by a process of heat and pressure, and entirely solid in place. A thimble or shell pin is made to exactly fit the stationary pins revolving thereon; thus the strings are held firmly in place, and the strings are properly stretched the piano can never get out of tune; the test piano being never out of tune. The piano being of best patent steel wire—keys best ivory. Our new patent steel tuning lever, instead of wire, is a great improvement ever made in pianos. It consists of stationary steel tuning pins that are set in a mold and melted into the sound board by a process of heat and pressure, and entirely solid in place. A thimble or shell pin is made to exactly fit the stationary pins revolving thereon; thus the strings are held firmly in place, and the strings are properly stretched the piano can never get out of tune; the test piano being never out of tune. The piano being of best patent steel wire—keys best ivory. Our new patent steel tuning lever, instead of wire, is a great improvement ever made in pianos. It consists of stationary steel tuning pins that are set in a mold and melted into the sound board by a process of heat and pressure, and entirely solid in place. 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[November 23, 1880.]

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Thae City 'Mang Thae Stars.

BY MARY BALD FINCH.

A' ye that ha's frien's, an' ye that he's name,  
Come to the city 'mang thae stars.  
What this summer day dreams til' the sun fa's down  
Amast on the shiniest white seas;  
An' our shoon be as siller baptiz'd wif due dew  
Fre the laigh-blin' harbor an' tars,  
An' the glories o' heaven be ower us a'  
In that city o' Gowd 'mang thae stars.

We dinna yet ken nor canna see why  
That lass' ha's gaen out free nor e'en  
But haes recompane cooms when we fis' it forby  
Wi' the blea rivers rinnin' awtein';  
Wi' thae halts o' our youth an' the baims o' our ain,  
Whaur aye bluid ha'e been fand frae thare wars,  
An' thae wistin' win' never blaws could frae thae saws  
In that city o' light 'mang thae stars.

There'll be gowans as bran as Scotia can gie's  
Whaur that heather unfolds on the braes,  
Wi' thae hawkhorns so' thistle abune the bricht lines,  
To light us alang the lane way;  
An' upo' the laigh mountains our ain mithers stan'  
As often as haes a hand on thae scours,  
An' wave their white han's taec warus o' wraig  
Til' that cry is oors 'mang thae stars.  
FRENCHTOWN, N.H., 1880.

Written for the Golden Gate.)

An Invocation.

BY JULIA F. CHURCHILL.

Oh! Thou Omnipotent and eternal One!  
Whose presence like the golden hearted Sun,  
Forver permeates all time and space,  
With boundless love, the state to embraces;  
Oh! lift the veil that hides Thee from Thine own,  
That blind huminity may view Thy throne.

Increase thy power, oh! holy brooding Love!  
Send Thou thy wist messengers from realms above,  
To hast the time when mortals shall behold,  
In every soul Thy "Throne of Life," twofold;  
Atide with us, oh! present pure and fair!  
That we, Thy higher grace, may know and share.

If Thou art God, Creator of the world!  
If from thy soul all life hath been unfurled,  
Then all are of Thy life and soul a part;  
From gracie rock to human pulsing heart:  
Then is Thine active Presence manifest,  
In all that germinates from Nature's breast.

Help us to know and rea lie Thy life!  
Thy life is us, which strives to conquer strife.  
For knowledge gives power, and power life;  
While ignorance pollutes the good and fair;  
Oh! I teach our hearts to feel that we are Thine!  
That born of Thee our natures are Divine.

Illumine our souls with love's most holy fire,  
That we may quickly with divine desire,  
To reach the bright shore of Elysium, far,  
For those who blindly grope along life's way;  
Till all mankind shall feel th' impulse sweet,  
Which leadeth evermore to Life complete.

The Prodigious Daughter.

To the home of his/her returning  
The Prodigious weary and worn,  
Is greeted with joy and thanksgiving,  
As when on his final mor-

A "robe" and a "ring" is his portion.

The servants as suppliants bow,

He is clad in fine linen and purple.

In return for his penitent voice.

But, ah! for the Prodigious Daughter,  
Who has wandered away from her home—  
Her feet must still press the dark valley  
And through the wild wilderness roam;

The mountains so dry and cold—

No hand is outstretched in fond pity

To welcome her back to the fold.

But thanks to the Shepherd, whose mercy  
Still follows her shory, though they stray,  
The weakest, and e'en on the forsaken,  
He bears in his bosom always;

And in the bright mansions of glory.

Which the blood of his son, who

There is room for the Prodigious Son

As well as the Prodigious Son.

My Soul and I.

What were you, before that you were I;  
Were you by death some other form of death,  
Unbordered from some other shape in some  
Uncounted time (which I almost remember)?  
A coexistent quantity with atoms of the stars?

Or were you but a sign of Nature's breath

And had to have embodiment to make

Death possible?

O pausid bold, sorrow-toss'd,

Poor soul!

What have you gained, or what have you lost,  
By wearing flesh's thrall?  
Poor soul what have you gained or lost?  
Enough to pay the troublous cost

Of staying here—of coming here at all;

And if you were a soul, and knew you were,

Why hither journeyed you? There was not in vast space

A place more fitting for a soul?

Poor soul!

If creeds are true and you were fashioned by  
The mighty Maker's hand, a thing unscilled as  
The Maker's self, white-winged with countless  
Million happy years to sing her praise in,

Why came you to mix with me? To  
Worry through the dust and mire of many years

To wash your hands and clean your face,

To stand condemned, sullict no, your white wings scorched;

Just for the slender chance of getting back

To where and what were,

Poor soul.

—MADGE MORRIS, in "Golden Era."

Over their Graves.

Over their graves sang once the bugle's call;

The sounding echoes and the crashing neigh;

Of horse, the cries of anguish and dismay;

And the loud canson's thunder that appal.

Now though they're brown pine-sheafed fall,

The vines run riot by the old stone wall,

By hedge, by meadow stream, far, away,

Over their graves!

—The Century."

"Life, we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps it will cost a tear.

Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not good-night, but, in more brighter clime,  
Bid me good-morning."

DR. SCOTT'S  
Electric InsolesState Size Required  
and whether  
LADIES OR GENTS.

## GIVEN AWAY EVERYBODY

Thousands of persons are now writhing in diseases which were started by catching a cold from Damp or Cold Feet. "Keep the feet warm and the head cold" is an axiom as old as the hills, and it is as true to-day as it was then.

Always wear our Insoles when using our Electric Plasters. DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC INSOLES keep the feet at one temperature all the year round (20 cents per pair). They are light and persons wearing them feel a pleasant glow of warmth.

In connection with Dr. Scott's Electric Plasters, Dr. Scott's Electric Insoles will prevent and assist CURING almost every form of Disease, including:

Rheumatism, Catarrh, Heart Disease, Nervous Prostration, Kidney Complaint, Cough, General Debility, and help in the treatment of all forms of disease resulting from Over-work, etc.

If you will send and get that very valuable book entitled, "THE DR'S STORY" you will see it gives an outline of the law of heat which explains the reason why Dr. Scott's

ELECTRIC INSOLES keep the feet warm and at one temperature all the year round, or why you can stand

On ice all Day and Yet Have Warm FEET.

They are light and despite the layers of different material needed to produce the effect, persons wearing them cannot distinguish anything but a pleasant glow of warmth.

Persons whose Feet Perspire will find a ready cure in Dr. Scott's Electric Insoles. Indispensable to sufferers from Gout, Absence of Circulation, and fatigue after walking or exercise.

The CHEAPEST CURE ever OFFERED in the World.

**KNOWS** prevention of Disease SAVES many valuable lives and much pain, suffering, expense and anxiety, hence with much pleasure and confidence we offer to introduce quickly into Insoles. We do this in order to introduce quickly into every neighborhood Dr. Scott's celebrated remedial

## ELECTRIC PLASTERS

They are a wonderful discovery, as they combine with Electro-Magnetism the best qualities of porous plasters made,

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC PLASTER is a really wonderful remedy CURING Colds, Coughs Chest Pains, Neuralgic, Muscular and Neuralgic Palms, Sciatica, Kidney and Liver Pains, Dyspepsia, Malaria and other Pains, Rheumatism, Cough and Inflammation IN ONE TO THREE MINUTES.

We unhesitatingly guarantee that it will produce most astonishing results, effecting rapid cures where medicina and all other treatments fail.

"The Dr. Story," an eminently interesting work, price 25c, sent free to those who name this paper and send us 25cts. for one of Dr. Scott's Electric Plasters.

To quickly introduce Dr. Scott's remarkable Electric Plasters to those families who can't obtain them at their Drug store, The Pall Mall Electric Association of London & New York have decided for a short period to MAKE A PRESENT of a pair of 50ct. Electric Insoles as you will read below.

To get Dr. Scott's ELECTRIC INSOLES FREE, remit \$1.00

4 Electric Plasters, retail \$1.00

1 Pair Insoles, FREE, .50

1 Dr. Story, FREE, .25

Remit one dollar, naming this paper and we will deliver all charges paid to any part of U.S.

4 Electric Plasters, retail \$1.00

1 Pair Insoles, FREE, .50

1 Dr. Story, FREE, .25

NO RISK! MONEY RETURNED EVERY TIME IF NOT SATISFACTORY.

We want everyone to keep our Plasters on hand, as we know the great benefits to be derived from using them, and how very important to have a few in the house, ready for prompt use in an emergency. Hence for 30 days this liberal offer to give away our Electric Insoles. Mention this paper and remit \$1.00 in Draft, Post-office Money Order, Stamps or Currency in Registered Letter payable to DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## FRED EVANS'

MAGNETIZED

## DEVELOPING :: SLATES!

FRED EVANS,  
—THE—  
WONDERFUL  
INDEPENDENT  
Slate-Writer!  
—AND—  
AUTOMATIC  
WRITER!

Having learned from a man in the public, that he was instructed by his God to announce his Gaules, to develop any mediumistic persons for these convincing phases of spirit power.

Send for Mr. EVANS' Magnetized Developing Slates, with instructions of how to sit. Send ten cents in stamp for circular, stating age, sex, etc., in your hand-writing, to

FRED EVANS,  
424½ Haight Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## CHOICE

## FRUIT LANDS FOR SALE!

The Trustees of the Sleepster Trust hereby offer for sale a tract of Choice Fruit Land, located at Mountain View, in Santa Clara county, containing about 137 acres. These Lands will be sold in one body, or they can be divided into two fine farms. No better lands, or better location for fruit culture, can be found in this State. The property is located in the far-famed Santa Clara valley, only about one hour's time, by rail, from San Francisco, and six miles from the Leland Stanford Jr. University. This property is offered at the low price of \$200 per acre.

For particulars, apply at the office of the GOLDEN GATE.

AMOS ADAMS,  
President of Board of Trust.  
J. J. OWEN, Secretary. jun29

The Fauntleroy,  
NO. 105 Stockton Street, San Francisco,  
(Formerly known as the Howard Block)

Having been thoroughly refitted throughout, offers a large number of

Elegant, Sunny Rooms, in Suit. or Single,  
Furnished or Unfurnished.

Visitors from the country will find herea pleasant, home-like resort.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Grangers' Bank,  
OF CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, : CALIFORNIA.

Authorized Capital, \$1,000,000.  
In 10,000 Shares of \$100 each.

CAPITAL PAID UP IN GOLD COIN,  
\$624,160.

RESERVE FUND IN PAID UP STOCK,  
\$27,500.

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CURRENT ACCOUNTS are opened and conducted in the usual way, bank books balanced up, and statements of accounts rendered every month.

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COLLECTIONS throughout the country are made promptly, and proceeds remitted as directed.

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT issued, payable on demand.

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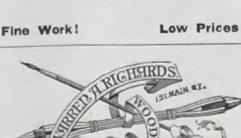
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GOLDEN GATE

## JOB : PRINTING : OFFICE

43 Flood Building, San Francisco.

## Fine Work! Low Prices!



IF YOU CAN'T RELISH RESTAURANT FOOD  
you should try

MRS. BOOTHBY'S COOKING.

Genuine old-fashioned meals at all hours. The most palatable dinners in town. Home-made bread, cakes, pies and confectionery fresh three times per day. Ice-cream, custard, soufflé, soufflé au gratin, &c. Jones Street, between Turk and Eddy.

What is the use of paying five and six dollars per dozen for Cabinet Photographs, on Montgomery and Market streets, when the very best work can be obtained at the following prices.

Children's Cabinet Pictures taken by the instantane-

ous process for three dollars per dozen; and, no matter how

restless, a good likeness guaranteed.

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DR. R.P.  
FELLOWS

INDEPENDENT PHYSICIAN

DR. R. P. FELLOWS, of New York, J. A. Jackson, himself of all those in the field of medicine, offering all kinds of services to all those in need of a kind, sympathetic and skillful physician. Similar advertisements from unreliable practitioners are frequently offered by the public, but Dr. Fellows stands foremost in his profession and the encomiums showered upon him publicly as well as in private are the best evidences of the high appreciation and confidence his long and considerate devotion to his specialties in his profession have justly merited for him, and IT IS SAFER TO TRUST HIM.

[From the Golden Gate.]

"Dr. Fellows, of New York, J. A. Jackson, himself of all those in the field of medicine, offering all kinds of services to all those in need of a kind, sympathetic and skillful physician. Similar advertisements from unreliable practitioners are frequently offered by the public, but Dr. Fellows stands foremost in his profession and the encomiums showered upon him publicly as well as in private are the best evidences of the high appreciation and confidence his long and considerate devotion to his specialties in his profession have justly merited for him, and IT IS SAFER TO TRUST HIM."

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